

The Sight of Mirrors by David Abrahamson

People often ask me why
The sight of mirrors makes me cry.
For when I spy my own reflection
I take upon a sad inflection.
There was a love I'd had since birth,
The purest love on this blue Earth.
Love of the man I'd always known,
The man with whom I'd always grown.
In utero where we'd first met,
Love was known to us not yet.
But already we shared a bond
That we would carry through and beyond.

People often ask me why
The sight of mirrors makes me cry.
I feel a pain below my skin
When I recall the death of my twin.
A connection always pure and true
Gone the moment I lost you.

People often ask me why
The sight of mirrors makes me cry.
But I know I can't explain,
For few could understand my pain.